The Theosophical FORUM

MAY, 1904

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THE THEOSOPHICAL

FORUM

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"The days we are going through are heavy on us. It is true "that our lives have been raised to a much higher pitch, it is true "that the enthusiasm is enormous throughout the country, as if some "mysterious wireless telegraphy of the soul, covering the whole of "Russia, had made but *one being* out of the many millions of us. "The war necessarily forces the progress of the soul: for if in every "individual case, when bereft by death of some one intimately known, "dearly beloved, materialistic man is forced to stop awhile to muse "over the great question: *What* was it that he had just put under- "ground and *what* is it that is left for him of the one he loved and "lost,—how much more so, when death becomes the rule in war time. "The war draws towards heaven so many mothers and wives, so "many sisters and children, who have all some slain warrior to "mourn, whom they fain would follow, that there comes into ex- "istence another wireless telegraphy, the telegraphy between heaven "and earth, so general, so overpowering, that the progress of the "human soul grows to be simply incredible. All this is true, as it "is also true, that war reconciles one to Death. This is the most "important and the best part of the war. Yet in spite of it all, we "are but weak creatures after all, and no words can describe our "pain. And so every day we live through is heavy on us . . ."

(From a Private Letter).

INDIA, MOTHER OF NATIONS.

It is a hundred years now since Schopenhauer foretold that India and the genius of India would produce an effect on the spirit of western peoples, equal to, perhaps greater than, the effect of the Renaissance on the mediaeval world. A hundred years have passed; and for a long time it seemed that Schopenhauer's prophecy would not come true. The sudden outburst of enthusiasm for India, which marked the end of last century and the beginning of this, seems to have died out with the school of Sir William Jones and Colebrooke, whose splendid labours called it forth. The Calcutta School had no successors; the work they began fell into abeyance, or passed to the German philologists, who did much excellent work in most scholarly fashion, but offered no interpretation of India to the non-scholastic intellectual world. But within the last few years, a change has taken place. The breath of India once more begins to stir the souls of men in the Western world; and a wide, deep spirit of enquiry, of tentative interest in India is beginning to be felt in both Europe and America; an interest, almost an enthusiasm for India, first as a country of old historic fame; a country full of physical hardships, perhaps, for the Western dwellers there, but nevertheless a country of unforgetable beauty, full of magic glamour that enchains the eyes and captivates the imagination. But even more than this, there is an enthusiasm for India as an ideal, as a unique achievement in intellectual and spiritual life, an enthusiasm for the secret of India,—the recognition of the inner light of the soul, as found in the Upanishads; for the method of India—the recognition of the moral law as found in the teachings of Buddha. This growing enthusiasm for India, this recognition of India's place in the aristocracy of the nations, is as yet but the first breath of spring; the first stirring of nascent life; and yet a stirring of life so fresh and widespread that it bids fair to become in reality what Schopenhauer prophesied it would be,—a spiritual awakening not less potent than the revival of learning in the middle ages; an influence which may leave its distinctive colour, to the last years of our century, and may meet, with growing brightness, the opening eyelids of the next.

Strongest perhaps in Germany and America—where it was the most notable feature of the Parliament of Religions,—this growing

enthusiasm for India is less felt in England, and, least of all, perhaps, among the European dwellers in India, whose too great nearness to the India of to-day shuts out the majesty and unique value of the India of the past. The intellectual life of the European dwellers in India lags a little behind the thought of the Western world. Our letters come from Europe in three weeks, but our thoughts still seem to follow the old path round the Cape; they take three months to go; or perhaps three years. Yet it is certain that this rapid expansion of the space that India fills in the world's horizon; this opening enthusiasm for India as a mighty land; for India as an ideal, cannot fail in time to touch the European dwellers in India also; to kindle in them some of that fire of admiration for India, some of that recognition of India's unique spiritual achievement, which is beginning to glow so brightly in idealist Germany, and hardly less idealist America; and which has begun to glimmer and gleam across the mind of prosaic, practical Britain. If one were to ask these idealist Germans, these hardly less idealist Americans, what feature or fact in the India of to-day most strongly appeals to their imaginations and most strongly awakes their curiosity, they would undoubtedly say that the Brahmins, the Brahminical hierarchy, fill the largest part of their field of view, and offer the strongest provocation to their spirit of enquiry. Phrases like these are continually on their lips, the wisdom of the Brahmins, the philosophy of the Brahmins, the ideals of the Brahmins. One could easily gather a thousand phrases like these from the American newspapers and the German magazines; and the first question invariably put by these idealist Germans and Americans touches on the knowledge and discipline of the Brahminical caste.

Thinking over this matter it has seemed to me that there is room for a close study of the Brahmins and their ideals, from the earliest days when they dawn upon history, down to the dark ages of to-day, which would satisfy in some degree the growing spirit of enquiry in the Western world; and, by holding up to the Brahmins of to-day a picture of their earlier greatness, might, perhaps, help them to return to that ideal of theirs which made them such a unique achievement in the world's history; that ideals of theirs from which they have, in more respects than one, degenerated and fallen away. For such a picture of the Brahmins, there is ample material; and

their history naturally falls into some half dozen periods, each with its own character; each with its own distinctive achievement. First in chronological order, first perhaps also in difficulty of treatment, is the rise of Brahminical power in the Vedic age. Much light can be shed on it by the Vedic hymns; and a curious side-ray falls from some five or six passages in the Upanishads. Leaving the Vedic age, we come to the days of Rama; and after Rama, to the time of the Great War of the Mahabharata. And the Brahminical power in those days may, perhaps, be gathered into a single picture. In dealing with these old days, so long passed into the hall of silence, we must be guided, as to their time and duration, rather by the traditions of India than by the conjectural dates of Western scholars; based, as these latter are, on the work of the Calcutta school, whose chronologic ideas and theories were thoroughly vitiated by the Rabbinical tradition which still lay like a cloud over the intellectual life of Europe.

Between the Great War and Buddhism there is a space very difficult to fill, a space which, Indian tradition says, must have occupied two milleniums. But in the days of Buddha, in the scriptures of Buddha's religion, we have a picture of the Brahmins, full of definiteness and minute detail; though a picture full of hostility to the Brahminical order. To this may be added much from the works of the Greeks whose knowledge was gained through Alexander's campaign and Megasthenes, a few generations after Buddha. Then, the last great event in the life of Brahminism will call for record; the latest, and, perhaps most remarkable achievement of Brahminical genius; the rise of Shankaracharya and his school, who have left the deepest mark on all that is best in the Brahminism of to-day. As Plato summed up in himself the Hellenic spirit and the Hellenic genius, with its wonderful lucidity, its wonderful sense of beauty; so Shankaracharya summed up in himself the flower and perfection of Brahminism, and towered above his order as Plato towered above the Greeks. After Shankaracharya, there is little to read of the Brahmins which is of world wide import and universal value. Its chief worth is given to later Brahminism by the fidelity with which the Brahminical order, and especially the Smarta sect has followed in Shankara's footsteps; the tenacity with which they have clung to the light which Shankara caught in his lucid spirit—the light which

was the last departing ray of India's Golden Age. If this tenacity of the Brahmin caste has sometimes become too exclusive; if they have guarded, sometimes too jealously, the treasures committed to their care, we can hardly blame them, for that policy of exclusion had its roots in bitter experience. It is needless to call to memory the blows that the Brahmins bore from the earliest Moslem invaders; the numerous pains undergone that might have sealed their lips once for all as to the secrets of their philosophy, the mysteries of their religion. It is better to forget old griefs, and to point only to the brighter side of the picture; the fair episode of Akbar's openness to India's wisdom, and Dara Shukoh's studies in India's sacred books. From these studies arose that first translation of the Upanishads which, rendered into Latin by Duperron, kindled in Schopenhauer such enthusiasm for India, and drew from him the prophecy of the Indian Renaissance. It is a fact that we must with shame confess that the griefs the Brahmins suffered at the hands of the Moslems were not lightened—were indeed rather darkened—by the Moslems' Christian successors; the cruelties of the Portugese "Christians" might again have sufficed to close the lips of the Brahmins; yet the Brahmins were once again willing to impart their knowledge, to teach their sacred language and their Vedas to the scholars of the Calcutta School; and this willingness of theirs gave the first spark of life to the now mighty light of Orientalism. One must add, it is to be feared, to the causes and justifications of Brahminical silence the philistinism which marks too often the English administration in India; a philistinism sometimes as marked as that of the Roman soldiers who played at dice on the pictures of Zeuxis; or the Gallic conquerors who stabled their horses among Leonardo da Vinci's frescoes. These three facts, Moslem intolerance, Portuguese cruelty, and British philistinism, are enough and more than enough to explain and amply excuse the exclusive, secretive spirit that is sometimes a reproach to the Brahmins of India to-day; an exclusive spirit which only genuine appreciation of India's genius, and warm gratitude to the order which handed that secret down through the ages, can melt away.

That the Brahmins gave us the Upanishads, is enough to excuse and cover up with oblivion far greater faults than we can charge them with. Besides the Upanishads, they have given us some of the

works, a part of the system, of the greatest student of the Upanishads the philosopher, Shankaracharya. But the nearness of Shankara's days, the greatness of his work, and the high honour in which he is held by the Brahmins would lead us to believe that, if they have given much, they have not given us all. There must be, in the *maths* like Shringiri, the center of Shankara's *guruparampara* chain, a far completer picture of the life and work of that great philosopher than has yet been given to the world in which his times must be as clearly pictured as the times of Hellenic Plato. Perhaps the Brahmins of Shringiri may once more forget their injuries and generously give to the world a more perfect picture of their great patron Shankara, who towers like a giant above his order; and, even imperfectly presented as he is, finds a place among the choicest intellectual aristocracy of the world. In tracing the history of their order, from the fading Vedic days, we see that the Brahmin caste has been a repository, a casket of precious records through long centuries of darkness and suffering. And if, from the rust of ages and the churlish hand of time, the casket is somewhat hard to open, we gladly forget its reluctance in gratitude for the treasures held within.

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ASCETICISM AND JOY.

Few readers of the Theosophical Forum can fail to have been deeply interested in the series of papers on *Holy Living,* or the "Heart Doctrine," recently concluded in this magazine. The rapidly growing and wide spreading conviction, in modern scientific and philosophic thought, that the consciousness of our personal lives, as well as the forces of material nature, are but the fragmentary expressions of something far subtler and more universal has led us back to the most ancient records of the religious life and aspiration of man with a new sense of their intimate and immediate import.

For if it be true that visible nature and our personal lives are defined and determined by the action of invisible forces, by a will and consciousness transcending that of the personality,—as a curve in a plane may be defined and determined by the intersection of lines whose reality must be sought in the including space rather than in the plane itself—if this be true, then it is a matter of vital moment to us all whether or not it is possible, while still living our personal lives, consciously to know and identify ourselves with this transcending will and consciousness. The life of every great religious teacher, of every seer or saint or prophet, testifies to this possibility; and their accumulated testimony presents a body of evidence for the reality of the religious life, more indisputable and convincing than that presented for any other one fact of history.

But this testimony would be of little value to us did it not also show us how we too might follow in their footsteps, how for us, as for them, the realities of the soul might be made the daily realities of our personal lives. Viewed thus, the teachings of religion are but directions for the pathway to the Soul.

That this Path is one and the same, for all times and for all peoples, the author of the papers on Holy Living has shown us, and in the condensed form of these Rules of Life, drawn from all great religions, he has reproduced for us the first essentials of the teaching. So condensed are they that upon each word of them volumes might be, and indeed have been, written and their meaning not exhausted. And in like manner nothing can be taken from them and their meaning not impaired. Thus it is that the present commentator would emphasize one word that appears as the title to them

all, and in which lies the key to all that follows. These rules we are told constitute the *"Heart"* doctrine. The life outlined in them must be lived from the *heart,* lived with joy, and gladness and an overflowing love, or it is sterile of result. Every act of genuine creation is an act of joy; and the life of the Soul is one with that of the creative spiritual will. As we enter into the life of the Soul we enter the world of causes rather than of results; as we become one with it we cease to be the puppets of fate and become its masters; we take our place among the creative powers of the universe.

As the life of the Soul is one with the creative will, so also is it one with love. In the words of one of the greatest of religious teachers, "Love is the power that moves the world—the only power that moves the spiritual world." And as St. Paul has written, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Without love, life has no genuine reality, and an act of love must ever be an act of joy.

Therefore the title to these rules tells us of a life of love and joy and gladness which at first sight contrasts most oddly with the austere asceticism of the rules themselves. Yet it is but logical to assume that the rules must be read in the light of their title, and when so read we see that this contrast is in no sense a contradiction—that the rules, far from teaching the death and denial of love and joy, teach their birth and fulfillment. So precious, so essential to all life, are these two elements, that we seek to transfer them from the world of shadows to the world of realities,—or rather, we seek their reality rather than their shadow; while we pursue the shadow we are blind to reality, while we seek gratification we are ignorant of joy. Thus it is that *purity* and *prayer,* the turning from the shadow and the laying hold upon reality, are, as our author tells us, the essence of all religious systems. It is the way of joy, though it lead through many sorrows. He who sees in it only denial, only pain and sorrow, has failed to see the heart and the meaning of it, its *reality* has escaped him—and though his training bring to him many powers, yet will they be barren and sterile both for himself and for others. It is for this reason that so much of the asceticism of the middle ages fell back useless into the past. Its followers had missed the key of love and joy. In seeking purity they had killed

within themselves the fount of life; they had distrusted and slain their own hearts.

Within each man's heart burns the light of the soul; to follow it with singleness of purpose can be no other than the practise of the "Heart Doctrine."

It may lead us through the shadow of death, through bitterness and pain, but the light itself and the goal to which it leads are love and joy.

THE WISE PARROT.

An Authentic Story of Ancient Persia.

Many centuries ago there dwelt in the city of Shiraz a very wealthy merchant. Much land and much gold belonged to this merchant, much precious merchandise lay in his roomy store houses.

The merchant went to all the lands of the earth, followed by his long caravans. The far off India knew him as well as his native Persia. But above all his other treasures, the merchant valued his parrot. The bird he bought many years ago from some travelling Indians of Bombay and eight hundred gold pieces was the price he paid for it. Since then the parrot sat in a golden cage, in the palatial rooms of the merchant, delighting the whole household.

Much love had the merchant for his wife, son and daughter, but the parrot he loved best of all. This was no common parrot. He could speak, but his speech was different from the speech of other parrots, who repeat someone else's words, without understanding them. He could speak and also he could understand what people said to him and answer them, as if he was a man. So no wonder that the merchant took delight in conversing with the bird, when back from one of his long journeys.

Year after year, a long life time was lived through. One day the merchant gathered all his family around him and said:

"Lo! I am an old man now. It is beyond the declining power of my body to lead the caravans into distant lands. Soon, my beloved son, I shall deliver into your hands all my riches, and all my work. Yet once more shall I go to far away India, to Bombay, after which I shall shake the burden of affairs from my shoulders. But as this is to be my last journey I want you all to tell me what should I bring you, when I return, which will give you the most pleasure. Speak first, my beloved wife, and I promise you that, at whatever cost, you shall have what you ask.

"My wish, spoke the wife, is that you bring me a veil of the finest gold thread, which would weigh no more than a silken one and which would make me look as radiant as the sun."

"And I, spoke the merchant's daughter, wish for a necklace, that would shine like the rainbow, which Allah sends to brighten the sky over Shiraz."

"Bring me, said his son, a gun, whose aim would be so just that no gun in Persia could compare with it."

Having promised to comply with all these demands, the merchant turned to the parrot.

"And what can I do for you, my favorite companion? he asked. What should I bring you? Some fruit you especially like, or some precious vessels in which to keep the clear water you drink? Or, perhaps, a mate?"

The parrot shook his wings in his cage and spoke:

"I have a great service to ask of you, oh my master! But before I put it into words, swear to me by Allah, that you truly will do, as I ask."

The aged merchant greatly wondered at the strange words of the bird but he did not have it in his heart to refuse ought to his favorite, so in the name of Allah he promised to do as he was bid.

"When all your affairs are settled, and your toil is over, said the parrot, find the island, where I was ensnared. There you will see my brothers. You will know them because their feathers are just like mine, and they all are my brothers. The moment you see one of them, tell him that I live in a sumptuous palace, in a golden cage and that I send him my greeting. And whatever you hear or see after this you must report to me faithfully when you come home."

"Is this all?" asked the astonished merchant.

"Yes, this is all, answered the parrot. But remember, you have sworn."

India is a far away land indeed, and it took the merchant a long time to travel thither. But once there he changed his goods very profitably. He was also successful in getting all the beautiful things he promised to his family. Then came the turn of the parrot. Leaving his hundred camels and his hundred camel drivers and all the costly goods, he was to take back to Persia, in the keeping of the many well armed men, who always accompanied him, the merchant hired a sailing vessel and sailed to the island, where his parrot saw the light and was captured. He landed only after several days, and walked straight into the forest. The moment he reached the thicket, he saw a parrot hiding in the thick green foliage. The feathers of this bird were exactly like the feathers of his favorite, so he easily understood that this was one of its brothers. Stooping under the

tree and raising his face towards the bird, the merchant said, according to his promise:

"Listen, oh parrot! Your brother lives in my sumptuous palace, in a beautiful golden cage. Your brother requested me to tell you this and to give you his greetings."

The parrot gave a strident shriek and fell down dead at the feet of the merchant, as if struck by lightning. The merchant knelt down by the poor bird, and took it into his hands, speaking pet names into its ears, in the hope of bringing it back to life. But it was of no use: the bird was dead.

A great fear came into the heart of the old merchant, and oppressed by the darkest forebodings, he walked back to the ship and sailed towards Bombay. He lost no more time, but ordered his great caravan to be ready in one day. During all the journey home, he was haunted by many fears and perplexities.

"Why did the bird die the moment I gave it its brother's greetings?" he asked of himself times without end. But all that happened was so unexpected and strange, that he could not find an answer to this question. The journey seemed to him longer than ever, but it ended at last and the caravan entered the walls of familiar Shiraz.

Gladly was the merchant greeted by his family, gladly he cut his bales open and unpacked the presents he brought for his family. The moment the golden veil was spread out, it seemed as if the sun had entered the spacious apartments. The joy of the merchant's wife was boundless, and enraptured she again and again thanked her kind husband. The great precious stones in the daughter's necklace shone like the brightest of rainbows, and the girl knew that the great Shah himself would envy her, when he saw her necklace. But when the young fellow got his gun, he did not linger in the room, but hurried out of the town impatient to try it.

After this the poor old merchant grew thoughtful and sad. He was so reluctant to tell his parrot what had happened on the distant island, his heart was so depressed with anxiety and pity, that he thought he would try to deceive his faithful bird. So assuming a careless gait he lightly walked to the golden cage.

"Be greeted, he said, my wise bird, the joy of my old age. How did it fare with you in my absence?"

"Thank you, oh master, replied the parrot. I have no complaints to make. I was well fed and well looked after. But tell me: Did you keep your promise?"

Gladly would the merchant feign utter forgetfulness, but he knew he could not sustain the lie. So sadly he spoke:

"Do not press me to speak, my beloved friend. I did as you bid me, I spoke to your brother and gave him your greeting."

"When was it, spoke the parrot, that my master acted dishonorably, when was it that he did not keep his word?"

And the bird's reproach sounded so bitter, that the man decided to speak the truth.

"I went, he said, to the island of your brothers, as you bid me, and saw one of them hiding in the thick foliage. I spoke to him, the very words you asked me to, but the instant he received your greeting, he shrieked in a loud voice and fell dead at my feet."

No sooner were those words out of the merchant's mouth, than his own parrot also gave a strident shriek and fell dead in his golden cage.

A great sorrow came to the house of the merchant. The aged master tore his white hair in despair. Gloomy was the face of his young son, and the women of the house set up a lamentation over the dead bird, as if it was a man.

After three days of mourning the merchant's wife spoke to him:

"Why should we keep this dead bird in our house any longer? Soon the decay will set in and the air will be poisoned. Give me, oh dear husband, permission to throw it out on the rubbish heap, so that your sorrow is not constantly revived by the sight of the dead body."

So saying she took the bird by the wings and flung it out of the open window.

And here a great miracle occurred. Before the dead thing touched the ground, it lifted its head, it spread its wings and flew high into the air. Then alighting on the highest tree, well out of the reach of men, the bird once more spoke to his master:

"Oh master! I am going back into the country, where I am at home. I am going back to my brothers."

The poor old merchant shook with wonder and fright.

"But, oh my beloved companion of so many years, you are not going away without telling me at least the meaning of all these strange happenings. Why are you so anxious to leave us? Did not we all in this house cherish and pet you, as a friend, as a brother? Why did your brother fall down dead the moment I spoke of you, why did you die yourself? And how is it now that you are alive again?"

"Do you think, spoke the parrot, that my golden cage could make me forget my bondage? There never was a day, when I did not pine to be restored into the country where freedom is the birthright of all my brethren. Only a free mind can act effectively. My mind was in bondage to the golden cage all these years. I could not think of any means of escape. But knowing that you were going to be so near those of my brethren, who never lost their freedom, whose minds also were free, who could think, who could see into the origin of causes, I asked you to consult with one of them. My brother's answer you know: I had to die to the golden cage in order to be reborn to the untramelled freedom of the country, whence I came. I was dead, and now I am living. Farewell to you, who were kind to me according to your light!"

And having spoken thus, the wise parrot spread his wings once more and with a loud cry of joy and victory, in a moment he was lost in the luminous blue space overhead.

MUSIC AND THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCES.

A Review.

"An Essay on Musical Expression," by Charles Avison, London, 1775.

"Sound and Color, their Relations, Analogies and Harmonies," by John Denis Macdonald, M. D., F. R. S., London, 1869.

When we were visiting a friend's studio the other day, the talk turned on the relation of sound to color. We found ourselves talking of the tone of color, and the color of a tone, as if the two were but modes of the same thing. Then our friend showed us certain pictures, in which he had tried to embody his thought; had tried, for instance, to express in color the sound of French horns, as they modify an orchestra. This he had done by giving his picture a golden orange tone, a warm, affirmative color, something cheering and encouraging in tone, the stimulating effect of which we could not but feel. This picture suggested a whole train of thoughts and ideas, which we now pass on to our friends.

Let us begin by going back to first principles. Why is there such a thing as Music at all? Why does the question of Music and its spiritual or moral value concern us? What is Music?

The only way to solve the matter, is by the historical method. We must discover, if we can, how and why music came into existence. In a question like this, we can even go behind human history and begin with natural history. Behind the question of what Music is, lies the greater question of what Voice is, for music certainly came into being through Voice, and is most constantly brought forth into manifestation through Voice. Voice has many forms, speech, outcries, lamentations; all of these have something in common with Music, and yet they are none of them quite the same thing as Music. Speech, in a sense, in peculiarly human, but outcries and lamentations mankind shares with other families of living things. We have, therefore, to take into account the voices not of men only, but of animals also.

From this point, our method of procedure will depend on which of two theories we hold, as to the relation between man and the animals. The two opposed views are, curiously enough, found very

close to each other, in the first few chapters of the Book of Genesis. One account begins the story of animate life with creatures moving in the waters, and winged things that flew in the air; these were followed by cattle and beasts of the earth; and only in the third period do we find man, to whom is then given dominion over the things of the water, the things of the air and the things of the earth.

In the following chapter, we have a totally different story, the central figure of which is Adam, the original man; in this second account, man was first formed, and only later came the beasts of the field, and the fowl of the air. Finally, Eve was created, to be a help-meet to Adam. Here, therefore, we have two quite distinct thoughts, two quite distinct views of the order of living things, and of the place which man holds among them. First it is suggested that man came last, as the crown of a long procession of lesser lives; and in the second account we are, on the contrary, led to place man first, and to think of the animals as coming later and as being, in some sense, derived from man.

Probably both these accounts hold something of substantial truth. They may refer to different periods; to different orders of events. But we need not settle the matter here. We may content ourselves by saying that, if one holds to the former view, which is more or less that now in fashion among naturalists, we shall think of the voice of man as an outgrowth of the voices of animals; of his song as a finer development of the songs of birds; of the music which he creates and enjoys, as being a part of that music which springs up so abundantly everywhere through nature, in the rustling of leaves, the babbling of brooks, the murmur of the waves, not less than in the song of the nightingale or the mocking-bird.

If, on the other hand, we think of man as standing first in the order of animate things, as he stood first and earliest in Eden, we shall be inclined to find in his voice the origin and prototype of all animate voices; in his song the oldest of all songs. We shall think, then, of the song of the nightingale as being but a fragment of human song, a tremor broken from some human heart, lingering there, in this derivative form, in the singer of the twilight groves, to remind mankind of something he has lost, of a time gone by, when that melody sprang as fully and spontaneously from his own

heart. It is an echo of the lost Eden, the departed state of innocence, which has in it something of the kingdom of heaven.

Whether we think of men or birds or animals, we shall find that, in all of them, voice has one purpose: to make manifest some inner feeling whether it be anger, fear, love or loneliness. The calls of all animals express these things. And, one may say it is a universal rule, they are always meant to express these things to another creature of the same kind: they are a way of communication from life to life, across the loneliness of the world. Living things are detached from each other, separate and isolated from each other. The subtle sense of sight joins them, it is true, but in a cold, etheric way, leaving them still as much apart from each other as a living thing is from a distant tree. But voice unites, and bridges over the barrier between life and life. It has a spiritual quality, the power to carry feeling from one life to another, which sight has not; it is also far more subtle than touch, for touch conveys a sense only of the outside of things, the mere surface and skin, as it were, while voice makes intelligible the things within, the things of the heart.

A man wise in many things once said that, when we think of the maternal instinct and the tenderness that goes with it, as being shared in large degree with animals, we should never think that this shows how much of the animal there is still in man; but should think, on the contrary, that there is much of man, and some of the very best of man, already manifest in the animals. We come to this, therefore, that Voice is a means whereby we express something inward and hidden in ourselves, so that it may cross the blank spaces between us and others of our kind, and convey to them inwarly that which we inwardly feel. Whether it be fear, anger, loneliness or love that we thus express and convey, the mode is much the same, and Voice is equally the conveyer. An infant wailing in the night, a cry for help, a strong word of encouragement, a song of delight, are all modes of Voice, and in all of these Voice plays the same part, as the manifesting and conveying power between life and life.

Nature has to some degree her instrumental as well as her vocal music. From the rumble of the thunderstorm, and the strong central tone of great rivers and waterfalls, down to the shrilling of crickets and grasshoppers, there is a complete range of sound. Man has borrowed something of all this. His drums imitate the thunder,

and tambourines and hand-drums have in them something of the grasshopper quality, so that we find, in many fables and many lands, the strolling minstrel likened to a cicala, a grasshopper, who makes shrill melody in the sunshine.

There is a natural selection here also. The big war drum, like thunder, suggests and expresses destruction, and gives voice to the mood from which destruction comes, and for which destruction is easy. In the tambourine of the gpysy, there is much of the irresponsible, irrepressible mirth and rattle of crickets and grasshoppers. In both, there is a stirring and exciting quality ,which makes the nerves tingle, and the blood run warm. These qualities are used in the whole range of human music, from the war-drum and tom-tom of the Central African to the highest and most modern orchestral music, with its rich backgrounds of drum-music.

While nature's instrumental music has evidently no thought of communication or communion in it, the communion begins with the very first note of vocal music among living things. Birds sing, grasshoppers shrill, that they may be heard, and that they may be heard by their own kind. It is true, of course, that we do hear an articulate voice, in the roar of the waves, the rumble of thunder, the rush and murmur of a waterfall; and with fine insight into the truth of things, many tribes and nations have spoken of the gods declaring themselves through the thunder, or the Lord speaking from the whirlwind. It is everywhere the nature-soul which speaks and the kindred soul in us which listens. In this way, in a large sense we may hold that all nature, the whole manifested world, is such a speech and communication between the world-soul and the soul of man.

But this is evidently a communication of another sort from that which thrills in the song of the nightingale, typical of the vocal music of animate life. It may be said of the voice of inanimate nature, that it has richness, depth, ring and continuity, but that it has no melody; no "tune," in the sense in which that word is used by the whistling small boy, while the song of the nightingale has that quality, and has it in an exquisite degree. And, when we look at the matter closer, we shall find that the song of birds flows most freely, and with the greatest tunefulness and delight as the accompaniment of nature's great yearly creation, whereby the old and

wornout of every tribe and race are replaced by the new-born and the young. The finest songs of the finest songsters among the birds, from the grove-loving twilight-haunting nightingale, to the sky-cleaving sun-bathed sky-lark, are for the time of nesting; they are an outflow and redundance of the same creative power which in every species repairs the ravages of time and death. As the yearly miracle of natural rebirth is repeated, it is accompanied by song. This song serves no utilitarian purpose; it simply ministers to delight. Yet it is never the expression of solitary rejoicing; there is always a listener as well as a singer. Communication from one life to another is ever the heart of song.

It is a striking thing that few of the most gorgeously plumaged birds are sweet singers. On the contrary, the parrots and macaws, which have the most splendid colors and the richest decorative display of painted feathers, have, for the most part, harsh and grating voices. The peacock is so shrill and piercing as to have become a proverb for the qualities that least please in the human voice. Here is a part of nature's principle of compensation; perhaps we have here the first suggestion of natural correspondence; the splendor of the peacock's tale contrasted with the vocal rapture of the skylark; while the inconspicuous brown bird, with its slight decoration of half-tones, is compensated by the richness of its music, as contrasted with the harsh cry of the splendidly colored pea-fowl.

Song is, therefore, inherent in nature; and comes forth chiefly as the accompaniment of the creative force which everywhere successfully combats death. It is a part of the richness of the hidden world, from which comes forth life itself, with all the myriad forms of life. In harmony with this thought, we find all nations naturally breaking forth in song, and here we have the first substantial contribution of human music. In natural and primitive life, every tribe has its songs; more, every part of the tribe's life is embodied in songs which suit that activity precisely, and which are, in primitive conditions, its invariable accompaniment. There are war-songs, work-songs, love-songs, cradle-songs, dirges and songs of the invisible world; and in these, of which mankind has an unmeasured treasure, the most genuine heart of humanity is permanently embodied. They have come forth spontaneously, as a secondary creation made through man, and are man's most authentic history. In the annals

and chronicles, which pass for history, there is little but a record of destruction; but in the cycle of song, all the best of man, and not merely his destructive part, is truly and vividly presented.

(To be Continued).

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